

NOTES AND BEAMS.

"Mrs. Jones, you are worse than the Hotpots; you have given all the milk in the cellar by playing the thunder-storm."—Mrs. Portington.

"Make good roads and good harbors, take the Republic, and keep your heads cool, your bowels open, and your feet warm."—Dr. Taylor on the Constitution.

"Had you seen but these roads before they were made, You would have held up your hands and blessed General Wade."—Irish Engineer.

In the early days of Christianity, it was ascertained that he who was the most particular to observe a mote in the eye of his neighbor had a confounded large beam in his own eye, which in his disinterested benevolence towards his fellow, he had never been able to discover. This extraordinary circumstance is still apparent even to the most skeptical at the present day, when the Second Washington is king, and fly-time is the "heroic age."

Speaking of motes, we recollect once to have heard of a Dutch farmer who went out to mow. About 11 o'clock in the day, after a good piece of full moon, he laid flat as a pancake on the grass, and the Evening Mirror, who came very near being made marshal of New York, and missed it—the Dutchman repaired to the spring-house to take a drink of buttermilk. Soon he received from the hands of his wife a stone crock which contained a gallon or more of the tears of butter, and raising it to his lips in hasty adoration, drank a quart before he took a breathy whiff of the milk. However, his eye rested upon the surface of the buttermilk in the crock, and he started with astonishment, exclaiming, "Why, la, Hans, what is this in the buttermilk?" "Moly, la, Hans," said she, "you are always seeing motes in everything."

"I have a damned pretty mote this is," said he, (pulling out a green bull-frog that would weigh a pound), "to sit on his hams and look a man in the face."

Such a mote as the old Dutchman saw in his crock we have seen about the White House at the present hour; and unless something is speedily done to destroy the nuisance, there will be a terrible hopping next winter in the wing buttermilk. By the way, the democratic clerk in the service of the United States at Washington would throw up their appointments on a day certain, and leave the Second Washington and his cabinet to do their own business in the best way they could, the wheels of government would be stopped at once; and those who would rejoice over a solitary reformer for opinions sake would laugh out of the other corner of their mouths when convinced that the experience of years had been swapped for a bevy of young whigs whose names could fill up the rolls, and whose hands could grasp the salaries on pay-day, but who could no more perform the duties of their offices than the devil could officiate at the government church in the President's Square on a feast day.

The acute action of the liver and lights of Taylorism—the Intelligence and Republic—satisfies us that our medicine has been properly applied, and that it was greatly needed. They howl like spaniels suddenly scalded, and streak it through the ranks of the American people like the aforesaid animals with tin-pots filled with gravel stones tied to their tails. Their grumbling is our delight. Their endeavor to pull out notes from our eyes while their own are full of beams, is supremely ridiculous. Their snarling is music to our ears, and their biting is a pleasant irritation to the skin in these days of condensed perspiration. "What?" say they, "don't fault such a general as Zachary Taylor?" How mendacious! His illustrious name is too sacred even to be mentioned by a democrat, and his honesty being purely by honest, (not ultra,) is of such a nature that it cannot be handled without manifest injury.

We always thought there was something tender about the peace administration of the General, and we presume he would soon dress himself in lamb-skins and green shoes, and attend the Peace Convention in Paris, as a delegate from the western empire. How pretty he would look there, sitting between Friar Tuck and Boernegees Giddings, wearing like Sir Peter Teazle, that he'll be—d—d if he is in a passion, and if he is not a friend of peace. We would give a month's salary to see him squinting among the peace-makers like old Blucher amid a council of burgomasters, sucking his finger nails, and growing like a bear with the erysipelas.

Should the Second Washington visit Europe, he had better get letters of introduction from Daniel Webster and Senator Seward. He will then be known at court, which is a great thing for a modest man who never met a lady, and who leaves everything to his advisers.

The papers of the *neutral gender* of the United States, which for the most part believe in whigery, and pretend to be passive, are responsible for the election of the Second Washington. They made him by *fancy sketches*, and it is not strange that they should feel when they see by himself a yellow-bellied fellow from him like the plumes from the silky jack-daw of the fable.

We are sick of half-way men and measures. Give us something sweet or bitter, something cold or hot; but away with this lukewarm administration, which the American people will spew out of their mouth, as neither hot nor cold.

But it is desecration to attack the follies of the Second Washington; it is unrighteous to expose the falsehoods and the frauds perpetrated in the name of the convention held at the slaughter-house in Philadelphia on the national Sabbath. Let us recur to the past. When Andrew Jackson was President, the President of the United States by the almost unanimous voice of the American people, who censured him, his person, his acts, his policy—who pulled his nose—who beat tin-pans and cleavers under his windows—who caricatured him as a hog and an ape, roasted him upon gridirons, defamed the character of his dear wife and hurried her to an early grave—who were the Jack Downings and the Y. Z's, the Aristides and the Vindexes, who filled the papers of the country with their vile slanders, their foul falsehoods, their diabolical hints, and their damnable innuendoes? Ay, the men who could throw stones at us when we were in power, and the bullets melted which we fire back at them now that they are on the stand of the republic.

We will not boil the peas for these sinners to put in their shoes on their pilgrimage to the shrine of Truth. They must take it rough and tumble, and he who cries *dubs*, ought never to cry *quits*. We esteem the Second Washington for all his virtues and all his good deeds, but we cannot swallow his presidential follies, even if he has seven men in black gowns to help him out of difficulty. The manner in which he made the Secretary of the Interior is enough to sicken his best friends of his independent action; and the manner in which he lets the cabinet vote him—for votes have been taken there, as we are informed—is enough to condemn the committee of the whole. We of or into difficulty. The manner in which he made the Secretary of the Interior is enough to sicken his best friends of his independent action; and the manner in which he lets the cabinet vote him—for votes have been taken there, as we are informed—is enough to condemn the committee of the whole. We of or into difficulty.

moval of a second lieutenant of the revenue service the other day—Mr. J. Ross Brown. The *Republic* intimates that he was a landsman, or fresh-water sailor. Now, the American people know that this officer had served his time on board of a whaleman; that he published a work last year upon the whale fishery, with plates, which has been spoken of in the highest manner by the press of the United States of Europe; that he has actually pulled more ropes and sailed more miles than all the new appointment put together. Yet how easy it is to forget to inquire in regard to a political enemy, and how unjustly does the organ of the Second Washington deal with our friends. We never believed that the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of State ran after the Executive, nor the morning he kicked over her milk pail at the approach of the coal man, nor did we ever say that Mr. Clayton lost his shoe in the race and fell into the canal. We have enough to do to tell facts as they occur, without indulging in the poetry of the Intelligence or the Epic praise of the Republic; but we do say that there is a *scree* loose somewhere, and something is going wrong in Denmark, and those who don't believe it had better call up on the late treasurer of the Rough and Ready Club for the items.

A zealous whig farmer, a strong advocate for "protection to home industry," determined that he would carry his doctrine to the fullest extent, by living entirely without him. To do this was necessary to him, for the man facturing business, generally, and to enable him to carry out his favorite plan, he first built a blacksmith shop, erected a forge, bought a bellows, anvil, and all the necessary tools. The first rainy day (the manufacturing business was all to be carried on in rainy weather) the old gentleman and his son John repaired to the shop to commence operation. John, acting as blower and striker. The iron was heated, and a horse shoe was attempted. In this, however, the old gentleman did not succeed. Then followed an effort to make an iron wedge, then a pick, and a hoe, but in every instance he made the little end the biggest, and punched the hole on the wrong side. At last, in a fit of desperation, he exclaimed, "Blow the fire John, blow the fire, I'll show you that I can make something." John commenced blowing, and the old man ramed the huge bar of iron into the fire; and when it was heated to a white heat, drew it forth, all hissing and sparkling, and running to a bucket of water, exclaimed, as he plunged the metal into the cooling liquid, "There now, I have made a devil of a big *rix*!"—and then went to dinner.

The present administration, like the old farmer, has at length found out that all it can do is to make a big *rix*; and we presume it will soon fade away like a lead-pencil mark before the rubber of democracy, and sink into a voiceless sepulchre as the shadow of a shade of the "HEROIC AGE."

Commercial Tonnage of the U. States in 1848.—The aggregate tonnage of this Republic, on the 30th June, 1848, was 3,154,042 tons; of which 1,659,317 tons (or more than half) were employed in the coasting trade, including 38,220 tons of sailing vessels under 20 tons each, and 111,823 tons of steam vessels; 192,180 tons were engaged in the whale fishery; 89,646 tons in the codfishery; 43,559 in the mackerel fishery. Including 192,180 tons of whaling ships, the registered tonnage, (chiefly employed in foreign trade), was 1,360,887 tons.

Of the above 3,154,042 tons, more than one-half belong to New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut; 245,788 belong to the collection districts of New York; 622,574 to Massachusetts; 452,328 to Maine; 227,010 to Louisiana; 211,552 to Pennsylvania; 158,492 to Maryland; 111,962 to Connecticut; 78,455 to New Jersey; 68,183 to Virginia; 62,078 to Ohio; 43,873 to Rhode Island; 41,404 to North Carolina; 32,312 to Massachusetts; 28,629 to New Hampshire; 27,250 to Michigan; 23,956 to New Hampshire; 22,010 to Alabama; 20,790 to Georgia; 17,452 to Delaware; 15,164 to Florida; 10,488 to Illinois; 11,824 to District of Columbia; 8,822 to Kentucky; 3,630 to Vermont; 2,446 to Tennessee; 1,352 to Texas; 569 to Mississippi.

The whole of the registered, enrolled, and licensed tonnage belonging to the fourteen collection districts in the slaveholding States is 660,609 tons; only a few thousand more than is owned in the 7 by 9 States of Massachusetts; take away the tonnage of New Orleans, and that of Maine will exceed the tonnage of the Slave States. Charleston, S. C. has but 24,237 tons of shipping.

The tonnage of the river and lake ports was as follows: Buffalo 42,624 tons; Oswego 21,079; Sackett's Harbor 8,242; Champlain 4,746; Pittsburgh 30,970; Louisville 8,822; St. Louis 36,313; Chicago 10,488; Cleveland 30,403; Sandusky 7,160; Cincinnati 21,351; Miami 3,163; Detroit 28,550. On same year, (ending June 30, 1848), there entered the United States ports from foreign places 2,363,483 tons, United States shipping, 2,949,280 cleared for foreign ports; also, 1,405,191 tons of foreign shipping entered, and 1,404,159 tons cleared. The increase of tonnage in one year to above date, is 31,4995 tons. Since 1832 the tonnage of our Commercial Marine has more than doubled. Of 318,074 tons of shipping built in the United States in 1847-8, Maine built 366 vessels, 89,774 ton; New York, 382 vessels, 68,425 tons; Massachusetts, 39,366 tons, and Pennsylvania, 29,638. In 1847-8 there were lost at sea 48 ships, 37 brig, 75 schooners, 10 sloop, and 35 steamers, total 41,667 tons.—N. Y. Tribune.

Ungodly Book.—We once heard from the lips of an old man of the Puritanic school that, when brown top boots were first introduced, he took a fancy to a pair, which he wore for a Sunday or two, when, to his great surprise and annoyance, he was summoned to a church meeting to answer, in the following manner in which he appeared on the Sabbath. The good man, with the brown-tops, looked as if he had been charged with visiting Bartholomew Fair. The elder gravely arose, and stated the judgment of the church, which ran thus: "Should brother George Slate again appear on the Lord's day in ungodly brown-top boots, he will be expelled from this church."

Lusus Naturæ.—We have to record a *lusus naturæ*, of which in modern times, the Sicilian twins Ritta and Chinnina, and the Siamese twins were the most memorable instances. At Eremeghem, a village three leagues from the town of Bruges, formerly near the central point of the Bruges, Thourout, and Ostend, were born on the 28th ult., two children of the female sex compactly united to each other. The two bodies join at the sides; the ligature union beginning a little below the right of one and the left of the other, and continuing as far as the navel, so that the children do not look each other in the face, but are turned one towards the other, in an oblique position. Their heads, arms, thighs, and legs are perfectly free, and they have the proper use of all their limbs, and their position is such, that they permit their mother to nurse them both at the same time without difficulty. The curate of the parish baptized them the day of their birth in the names of Marie and Sophie. The parents are poor servants, working and residing on a small farm held by an old bachelor. The husband's name is Tanghe; his wife, aged about 38 years has four children.—Brussels Herald.

A verdant youth from the country was recently dismissed by a young dame in this town, on the ground that she had been advised to avoid anything green during the prevalence of the cholera.

The Roman Catholic Church.—The following is one of the Society's happiest efforts. It is written as he always writes, with a bold, dashing pen, full of figures and strong reasoning and glowing ideas: "There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when came leopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back to an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antiquity, but full of life and youthful vigor.—The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old.

Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plain of the Mississippi and Cape Horn—countries, which to the shock of age, may probably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united, amount to one hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign that indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching.—She saw the commencement of all governments, and of all ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respectable before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—heathenism was still flourishing in the Rhine—when the Grecian eloquence still flourished in the temple of Mecha. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

THE CENSUS IN "DUTCH." A friend of ours relates a number of comical adventures which he met with a few months ago while engaged in taking the census. The following might serve as a caution to future census takers, among the down town population. The scene was a little one-story brick building, consisting of two rooms, one of which was used as a parlor, kitchen and dining room, the other as work-shop, dog-kennel, and hen-roost. Entering the first, with hat in hand and his book under his arm, our friend repeated the bow that he had made to a score of other families that morning, and accompanying it with the usual exclamation, and inquiry, "I am taking the census; will you be good enough to tell me the number of tenants there are in your house?" Nearly the whole family were at the time in the room. A small, wrinkled up man, sat by the fire, mending a harness; a large, ruddy-faced man, at a table, in the farther end of the apartment, was working down a bottle of beer; a bearded woman, in a blue dress, was running and tumbling about the floor. At the appearance of a stranger, there was a general suspension of operations, and to this question the only response was a long stare from every member of the family.

"Will you, sir," said the gentleman, after a short silence, addressing himself particularly to the man, who sat near the fire, "will you tell me the number who lodge in this house?" "Ich kan nicht English spreken," the man muttered, and then he commenced sewing on his harness, just as if he had never given the questioner the simplest gratification.

"Will you, madam, be so kind as?" "Nein, nein," exclaimed the woman, interrupting him, as she seized the bottle and commenced a furious course of rollings over her dough. "Ich kan nicht English spreken."

In a confusion of despair, our friend closed the book, replaced it under his arm, and with an internal vision of a long and disagreeable walk in search of an interpreter, he proceeded towards the door—when, as he laid his hand upon the latch, one of the little brats pulled him back by the coat-tail.

"John sprech English," said the arch, sniggering no doubt by the wisdom of the family; "John sprech English."

Here was a means of overcoming the obstacle, and our friend turned back with brightened hopes.

"John speaks English—well, where is John? Go and call him. What, can none of you understand me—*go and call him*!" And by a great many pantomimic gesticulations, with rather a lame dash on the German, he managed to make himself understood. The boy ran out by the back door, and soon came back, leading in a stout, good-natured looking lad, of about fourteen, all smiles and dirt.

The conversation was carried on, from this time, in a rather summary manner.

"Can you speak English?" asked the gentleman.

"Ya," answered the boy.

"Ask your father how many there are who live in this house."

After a translation of the question to the harness-man, and after being instructed in it by the boy, he resumed, "How many?"

Here the gentleman went on to give a long explanation of census-taking, its cause, its object, and the probable benefits arising from it, which started them off on a long and very animated discussion. At last the boy received his orders and answered:

"Mine father says, use eight and und ein halben in ter family."

"What the deuce do you mean by eight and ein halben?"

There was a broad grin on the harness-man's countenance, as he seized hisawl and commenced operations on the harness with redoubled energy. The stout lad seized her bottle and started a fresh series of strong rollings, whilst the interpreter, with a very knowing smile, continued:

Progress of the Cholera North and West. Telegraphed for the Baltimore Sun. New York, July 31.—The board of health reported 148 cases and 71 deaths from cholera for the 24 hours ending at noon to-day. Philadelphia, July 31.—The board of health reported 39 cases and 12 deaths of cholera for the 24 hours ending at noon to-day. The weather has been very hot. At 10 o'clock, a.m., the thermometer stood at 87 degrees. Subsequently a fine shower came up, and the mercury fell 8 degrees.

Boston, July 31.—Three deaths from cholera have occurred here to-day, including one in the almshouse.

Pittsburg, July 31.—The cholera is decreasing—the board of health report only 4 cases and 1 death for the 24 hours ending to-day. Cincinnati, July 31.—The interments for the 24 hours ending to-day are in all, 36, of which 11 were of cholera.

Telegraphed for the Baltimore Sun. Savannah, Ga., July 31.—Dreadful ravages of the Cholera. Our city has been visited by that dreadful scourge, the cholera, and it now prevails to an alarming extent. The mortality has been greater, compared with the population, which averages about 4,000, than in any other city in the Union. During the 48 hours ending on Sunday, there have been 100 deaths. Last night 260 deaths occurred. Our citizens have been greatly alarmed, and they have fled in all directions for safety, leaving the place almost depopulated. Not more than five hundred persons remain at home. Business is almost entirely suspended. The post-office, stores, taverns, and other places have been closed and deserted. The distress is beyond a parallel.

"Sister are you happy?" "Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom."

Not in Beelzebub's bosom. "What is the cause of the patriarchs; I don't care which."—Knapp's Experience.

DIED. In this town, on Monday last, James C. Dobbin, infant son of S. Ash, Esq. aged 7 months. In Bladen county, on the 24th ult., Dr. William S. Andrus, in his 32d year.

In Sampson county, on the 13th instant, of chronic diarrhoea, Joseph J. Fellow, aged about 31 years. The deceased was in all the battles of the late Mexican war, fought by Scott's division. The disease was contracted whilst in Mexico.

In Raleigh, on the 21st ult., Miss Margaret P. Tredwell, daughter of the late Samuel Tredwell, of Edenton in the 56th year of her age.

At Montpelier, N. C., after a lingering and painful illness, on the 28th of April, Mrs. Sarah C. Skinner, wife of Jos. H. Skinner, Esq. of Chowan county.

Lately, in New Orleans, Thomas N. Jefferys, a native of Franklin county, N. C., in the 42d year of his age, eldest son of Dr. Simon Jefferys, late of that county.

In New York, on the 21st ult., Janetta Elizabeth, in the 31d year of her age, daughter of Mr. William McLeod, formerly of this town.

At the Mansion House, Aiken, S. C., on the 24th ult., Patrick Cassin Cantwell, Esq. of Charleston, aged 53 years.

WILMINGTON MARKET. WHOLESALE PRICES.

BACON—Per pound. 8 a 8 1/2
Hams. 7 1/2 a 8
Middling. 7 1/2 a 8
Long. 7 1/2 a 8
Hog round. 7 1/2 a 8
Chest. 7 1/2 a 8
BEANS—Per bushel—White, nom 60 25
Yellow. 55 25
BEEF—Per barrel. 18 25
CORN—Per bushel. 18 25
COFFEE—Per pound. 7 1/2 a 8
Sugar. 7 1/2 a 8
Tea. 7 1/2 a 8
Tobacco. 7 1/2 a 8
Wheat. 7 1/2 a 8
Rice. 7 1/2 a 8
Flour. 7 1/2 a 8
Lard. 7 1/2 a 8
Butter. 7 1/2 a 8
Eggs. 7 1/2 a 8
Honey. 7 1/2 a 8
Molasses. 7 1/2 a 8
Syrup. 7 1/2 a 8
Starch. 7 1/2 a 8
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Marjoram. 7 1/2 a 8
Parsley. 7 1/2 a 8
Dill. 7 1/2 a 8
Celery. 7 1/2 a 8
Cucumber. 7 1/2 a 8
Pumpkin. 7 1/2 a 8
Squash. 7 1/2 a 8
Turnip. 7 1/2 a 8
Potato. 7 1/2 a 8
Onion. 7 1/2 a 8
Garlic. 7 1/2 a 8
Leek. 7 1/2 a 8
Asparagus. 7 1/2 a 8
Bean. 7 1/2 a 8
Pea. 7 1/2 a 8
Lentil. 7 1/2 a 8
Rice. 7 1/2 a 8
Wheat. 7 1/2 a 8
Corn. 7 1/2 a 8
Barley. 7 1/2 a 8
Oats. 7 1/2 a 8
Rye. 7 1/2 a 8
Sorghum. 7 1/2 a 8
Millet. 7 1/2 a 8
Buckwheat. 7 1/2 a 8
Flour. 7 1/2 a 8
Lard. 7 1/2 a 8
Butter. 7 1/2 a 8
Eggs. 7 1/2 a 8
Honey. 7 1/2 a 8
Molasses. 7 1/2 a 8
Syrup. 7 1/2 a 8
Starch. 7 1/2 a 8
Salt. 7 1/2 a 8
Pepper. 7 1/2 a 8
Cloves. 7 1/2 a 8
Nutmeg. 7 1/2 a 8
Allspice. 7 1/2 a 8
Cinnamon. 7 1/2 a 8
Vanilla. 7 1/2 a 8
Sassafras. 7 1/2 a 8
Sage. 7 1/2 a 8
Thyme. 7 1/2 a 8
Marjoram. 7 1/2 a 8
Parsley. 7 1/2 a 8
Dill. 7 1/2 a 8
Celery. 7 1/2 a 8
Cucumber. 7 1/2 a 8
Pumpkin. 7 1/2 a 8
Squash. 7 1/2 a 8
Turnip. 7 1/2 a 8
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Pumpkin. 7 1/2 a 8
Squash. 7 1/2 a 8
Turnip. 7 1/2 a 8